

BILL PEET

An Autobiography

I do remember catching one full-grown frog, and I remember it well because of a snake. The frog was swimming near the surface of the creek unaware that I was only a few feet away.

In one quick grab I had him by a hind leg. Then, at the same instant, a snake shot out of a hole in the bank and seized the frog by the head.

Suddenly we were having a frantic tug of war with the frog caught in the middle.

It was touch and go until I finally jerked the frog free. Then in a flash the snake was back in his hole.

I thought sure I had saved the frog from certain death until I plopped him back into the water and he went drifting downstream limp and lifeless.

The snake was a deadly poisonous water moccasin, and his fangs had punctured the poor frog. All I had done was cheat the snake out of his lunch.

